

GEO. M. TRACY'S
IMPROVED FRENCH YOKE
Perfect Fitting Shirt Manufactory

No. 95 William St., N. Y., directly opposite
Platt Street.

FINE SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER FROM MEASURE AND
A PERFECT FIT WARRANTED.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF WARM UNDER GAR-
MENTS, SUCH AS,

SHAKER KNIT UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
SHAKER FLANNEL DO. DO.

SCARLET FLANNEL UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
FOR RHEUMATICS,

HEAVY SILK UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

CANTON FLANNEL DO. DO.

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| ENGLISH MENSURER UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, | |
| DO. LAMBS WOOL. | DO. DO. |
| FINISHES READY MADE, | SUPERIOR SCARFS AND |
| MEN COLLARS, FOUR FLY | TIES, |
| INE KID GLOVES, | M'CLELLAN SCARFS, |
| DO. BEAVER DO. | SATIN AND SILK STOCKS, |
| DO. CASSIMERE DO. | SUSPENDERS, |
| HE GLOVES, PLUSH LINED | HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS, |
| CLOTH DO. DO. | CARDIGAN JACKETS, |
| INGWOOD GLOVES, | GINGHAM UMBRELLAS, |
| LARGE ASSORTMENT, | FLANNEL TRAVELLING |
| LOW PRICES, | SHIRTS, |
| GEO. M. TRACY, Ag't. | |
| No. 95 William St. | |

STORMS & FERRIS,
SALT DEALERS,
185 WASHINGTON STREET,
NEW-YORK.
Pure Saltpetre, Crude and Refined, for Packers' use.

PARSONS & JOHNSON,
Commission Merchants,
AND SOLE AGENTS FOR
EMERY'S NAVAL VARNISH,
101 and 103 Beekman Street,
NEW-YORK.

L. S. PARSONS, }
J. L. JOHNSON, }

—The U. S. Bureau of Construction, after subjecting Emery's Naval Vardish to the most thorough test, have decided its superiority over any other in use, and have adopted it in all the Government Yards, for Ships' bottoms, upper works, yards and iron work of every description.

**600,000 MALE or FEMALE AGENTS
TO SELL**

**LLOYD'S NEW STEEL PLATE GUNTY COLORED
MAP OF THE UNITED STATES,
CANADAS, AND NEW BRUNSWICK.**

From recent surveys, completed Aug. 10, 1862; cost \$20,000 to engrave it and send round the world.

Superior to any \$10 map ever made by Colton or Mitchell, and sells at the low price of fifty cents; 370,000 names are engraved on it.

It is not only a county map, but it is also a
COUNTY AND RAILROAD MAP.

The United States and Canada combined in one, giving
EVERY RAILROAD STATION
and distances between.

Guarantee any woman or man \$3 to \$5 per day, and will take back all maps that cannot be sold and refund the money.

Send for I wish to try.

Printed instructions how to canvass well, furnished all our agents.

Wanted—Wholesale Agents for our Maps in every State, the United States, England, France and Cuba. A fortune made with a hundred dollars capital. No Competition. J. T. LLOYD, 61 Broadway, New York.

LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND PENNSYLVANIA. This map is used by the War Department as their Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. It is the only author for Gen. Buell and the War Department. It is not refunded to any one finding an error in it Price 50 cents.

— From the Trilume, Aug. 2.

"Lloyd's Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.—This Map is very large; it is 18 by 25, and is but 25 cents, and is the best which can be purchased."

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, FROM SURVEYS BY CAPT. BART AND WM. BOWEN, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, 1845.

\$150 NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS IN ROSE-wood cases, iron frames, and over-string base for \$150; do, with \$225; \$160; do, with carved legs and iron frame, \$200; do, with pearl keys, \$225, \$250, and \$300.

new 63 octave, \$185. The above Pianos are the greatest bargains in the city. Second hand Pianos at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$75, and \$100. New MELODEONS at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos and Melodeons to LET, at \$2 and upwards per month; rent allowed if purchased; monthly payments received for the same. Foreign sheet Music, 25¢ per copy per piece. Also a large stock of new and second-hand Musical Instruments and Musical Merchandise at war prices. A pianist in attendance to try new music. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 481 Broadway.

YOUR CUSTOM SOLICITED.
FRANCIS & LOUET,
STATIONERS & STEAM PRINTERS,
No. 43, Maiden Lane.
We Specially Engraving and Printing for Business.

Professional, and Private use, execute all styles of *Printing, Lithographic, and Book-binding* at the lowest rates, *Blank books, Writing Papers and Stationery* of every kind. *Diaries for 1887, Photographs, Albums, Scrap Books, Portfolios, Expense Books, Wash-Books, Gold Pens, Croton Ink, Chessmen, Note Papers, and Envelopes, also Mourning Paper, &c., &c.*

The Principia

is a Weekly Newspaper, published at 104 William street New York, for the

PRINCIPIA ASSOCIATION.

This Association is composed of gentlemen of wealth and influence, in the principal states of the

The paper is owned by the Association and under the entire control of the Trustees named in the act of incorporation, viz.

JOSEPH W. ADAMS,
REV. WM. GODDARD,
REV. GEO. R. CHEEVER, D.D.

It is edited by REV. WILLIAM GODDARD and REV. GEO. R. CHEEVER, D. D. and published by JOSEPH W. ADAMS for the corporation.

Its columns will be enriched by able correspondents, and occasional writers, all of whom will be guided by the way-marks in the following:

PROSPECTUS.

Our object, by this publication, is to promote pure religion, sound morals, Christian reform; the abolition of slavery, caste, the non-resistance to evil, the universal application of the principles to all the relations, duties, business affairs

ments, and aid of life—to the individual, the family, the Church, the State, the Nation—to the work of converting the world to God, restoring the common brotherhood of man, and rendering Society the type of heaven. Our first book is the Bible, the Word of God; our law; our discipline; our doctrine; our plan, the Gospel; our trust, the Divine promise; our pang, the whole armor of God.

Any Post MASTER who will obtain two dollars for a new subscriber, may retain fifty-cents of the same for his commission.

Any SUBSCRIBER who will act as agent for the Principia, and canvass his or her city or town thoroughly, may retain one dollar for commissions, for each and every new subscriber paying two dollars for a year.

POSTAGE.—The postage on the Principia is twenty-five cents, per annum, out of the State—and thirteen

40) All papers will be forwarded, until an explicit order of discontinuance is received, and whether taken by the subscriber or not from the Publisher, they are ordered to be sent, he will be held accountable for payment until he orders a discontinuance, AND THAT HE TAKE

LIABILITIES OF THE PAPER PERIODICALS—The law declares that any person to whom a Newspaper is sent, is responsible for payment, if he receives the paper or makes use of it, even if he has stopped. His duty in such a case is not to take the paper from the office or person with whom the paper is left, but to notify the Publisher that he desires to stop it. If there are no persons in the office, store, or at any other place of deposit, and are not taken by the person to whom they are sent, the post master,

express agent, at the paper, is responsible for the payment, until he returns the paper, or gives notice to the Publisher that they are lying dead in the office.

60 Post Masters and others wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, SHOULD BE PARTICULAR TO GIVE THE NAME OF THE POST-OFFICE TO WHICH IT HAS PREVIOUSLY BEEN SENT; otherwise it cannot be attended to.

Moneys in payment for the paper, may be sent mail at our risk if addressed to the Publisher.

J. W. ALLEN,
Box 4381, New-York.



Family Miscellany.

THE WESTERN WOODS.

BY MARY H. C. BOOTH.

I cannot see the glittering Alps that sparkle on my sight;
I gaze upon their snowy peaks, but on another light—
I look beyond the haze of years to the Indian Summer days,
And I see the boundless prairies of the Western World ablaze.

I hear the crackling of the fire upon the distant breeze;
The soft and rose atmosphere comes dreaming o'er the seas—
The balmy Indian Summer air that mingles with the West,
And hays the Autumn's drapery upon the Winter's breast.

The magic of the hazy air has borne me back again
To the cabin by the grape, beside the prairie plain—
I sit upon the long dry grass, and watch the untraveled way,
And I see my pretty little fawn, under the oaks at play.

The lovely creatures spring aside, and dart across the grass—
And then I hear a footstep near—I'll wait, and let it pass—
And so I fold my trembling hands across my halcyon eyes,
But I cannot close the vision out between me and the skies.

You came so still, dear neighbor Phil, you set my heart a-flutter,
And this was all that I recall, 'twas possible to utter—
I wish, the creeping twilight tide on dleeting wings had sped,
And this is what I thought about, but I know not what I said.

But this I know, the sunset glow had made my pale cheek rosy,
I feared the dusk was like a bluish—*I stoop'd and plucked a posy*—
'Twas but a faded prairie flower, and neighbor Philly said he'd give it to me,
"O, come," said he, "and walk with me, the air is soft and mild."

We wandered to a woodland stream, and heard a wild swan sing;
We saw a flock of pigeons soar above us, on the wing—
We heard the whirring partridge pass, and started up a roe,
Yet how we came to frighten her, is more than I can know.

We never could have talked alone, I know not at all—
You might have heard a breathing bird, or the lightest leaf's fall,
I think that Philip did not speak, and yet it really seems
As if some loved words of his were woven in my dreams.

It must have been his eyes that spoke—"twas nothing but his eyes;
A rose might just as well have run from the starlight of the skies;
Yet I remember, while I think, how I tried to hide,
As I felt him coming through the grass in the early eve-tide."

We stepped across a babbling brook; the wild ducks were asleep;
Among the fragrant water-lilies, in slumber soft and deep,
How lovely it must be to rest in such a wild-wood bed,
With silver stars beneath the feet and the stars of heaven overhead.

We heard the prairie chickens peep from out their hidden nest—
'Twas time that they were fast asleep, 'neath their mother's speckled breast;
And though the early stars were out, we heard the whistling quail—
Were I to tell of all we heard, my pen and ink would fail!

And yet the loudest sound of all was in each throbbing breast;
My heart has never ceased to beat with the same sweet, wild unrest;
And now the Alpine Autumn leaves are rustling on the ground,
But I only see the Western Woods, and hear my own heart's sound.

ZACHARY, SWITZERLAND. Daily Life.

THE SECRET OF PEITY.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

A phasing sceptic towards a captured saint in-
cluded.
And asked him how the Boniface Lover, God,
to find.
A smile divine across the saint's pale features stole,
As thus, in wise and pitying love, he poured his soul.

"Al, hapless wanderer! long from life's true bliss shut out,
In night of sin and sorrow and wilderness of doubt,
Prepared am I, with thy sad lot to sympathize;
For my own dark tracks thy dark experience lies."

Now list and ponder deep, the secret which I tell
Of all the lore with which angelic bosoms swell.
Whose would careless treat one word that crawls the sod,
That cruel man is daily alienated from God!

But he that lives, embracing all that is, in love,
To dwell with him, God bursts all bounds, below, above.
THE TRIFLES.

The massive gates of Circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming petty chance
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things that seem so small,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the mainsprings, after all.

For the Principia.
THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT,
OR, THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

BY MRS. MARIA GODELL FROST.*
CHAPTER I.
ELMWOOD PARSONAGE.

A dusky, quaint looking, gambrel roofed house, was the old parsonage at Elmwood. But few traces remained of the red paint that once adorned its broad front, and but for the green wood shade of firmly rooted trees and vines, it must have presented a sorry appearance to the traveler. Dismal enough were its old little windows, and queer old fashioned, iron latched doors, its dark stairways, and great, square, low celled parlors on either hand, divided by a curious arched spaceway from which ascended a winding flight of stairs, once green, but now dull and timeworn.

So thought the young minister, fresh from college, as, with some misgivings, he introduced to its barren walls, his carefully chosen bride.

A fine row of elm trees, fronting the wide green lawn, and a great, grand old garden, with its fruits and flowers, were the only compensation for the entire destitution of artistic beauty.

"I always loved Gothic windows, and there they are," said the young wife; "did you ever see anything so perfect, Henry, as that row of elms? Each one is like a solemn old cathedral, blossoming out in greenness and beauty."

"Yes, Emily, it is supposed that the idea of the Gothic architecture was originally stolen from nature, and a beautiful one it is," replied Mr. Stanley.

"How often have I admired the artistic arrangement of the unlearned boughs, without even thinking of the great lesson they teach."

"God is the great architect, a model for us, in

the every day work-world, as in the moral field," said Mr. Stanley in reply.

"What a nice nook for my piano," said Emily, as she turned from the window to a deep recess formed in the wall, on the middle of one side.

"It seems to me, Emily, that the elegant furniture your uncle has given you will be out of place, in our old fashioned home."

"Not at all! I like contrast, and I like these quaint old houses. You shall see, when I have arranged things, that the very singularity will add a new charm to our rural home."

Now here, for example, where one would expect to see a high post bedstead, with dark blue hangings, and a blue and white counterpane, worn by some ancient dame, what an agreeable surprise will be a modern piano! And there, in that nook, instead of a chest of drawers, with brass rings, or a side board, we will have our family library. This corner, where old father Time has reigned supreme, and kept up his eternal clicking, for ever so many years, we will devote to a cabinet of shells, minerals &c."

So the young wife cheerily planned, and while she rapidly explored every dark corner, and queer old cupboard, hidden away in the wall, it seemed to the young husband that sunbeams were gathering here and there, and filling every nook with light and joy, and promise.

"You see, Henry," said Emily, gaily, "it is comfortable to have some romance in one's composition. I have always been told that my proclivity to romance would be my ruin, but I have determined to bring it to some good practical account."

"That is quite right, Emily. We may sanctify to God and duty every natural gift or propensity which, unconsecrated thus, might indeed work our ruin," replied Mr. Stanley.

"You have expressed it exactly," said Emily, as she suddenly opened a door upon a beautiful vine-wreathed porch, where the rich green clusters of fruit were already forming.

"Do see here, is not this grand? what a charming summer studio! Just the place to inspire thought! Such places seem to lead their greenness and freshness to one's mind. That row of elms, that grass lawn, are so suggestive, they lead one perpetually to reverie."

"The only danger is of loving home too well, and making duty second to domestic joys," said Mr. Stanley, who, forgetful of his forebodings and misgivings, was now giving himself up to intense happiness.

Thus much for an introduction to Elmwood parsonage, and now a few words with regard to its locality will complete this picture. Elmwood was a serene little hamlet, in a quiet country town, having little to recommend it, save to the lovers of natural beauty, quiet, and reflection.

There were souls to be saved, here, minds to be molded and, however unsophisticated, in the world's eyes, it might appear, still, evils existed that needed removal, and, as every where, were deep prejudices to be uprooted.

The old church yard joined the parsonage grounds, and was solemnized by grassy mounds and carved gray, or simple white stones, telling the tale of those who had listened to its bell chimings, but were now no more. On the lawn were several other dwellings, and beyond it cottages of more modern style. The parsonage was the very oldest house in Elmwood, and bore upon its stable roof the weight of many a time honored tale. But with this, we have nothing to do. Our business is with the parsonage and its present inmates.

For the Principia.
THE BUILDERS.

Brightly the sun looked in at the window of a pleasant little parlor, where two young girls were sitting, talking, as girls will, of joys past, present, or to come; for, to a young maiden, life and joy are synonymous terms, whose united harmonies fill her being with an elasticity of motion and freshness of beauty so delightful that at her shrine the coldest hearts do worship.

They sat and talked—of the bright young days they had spent together, in play at home, in study at school, in rambles afterward over the green hills, when not a care disturbed them; then of friends, early friends, who had grown up with them, some of whom were just entering upon life's active duties, and some had already passed over death's dark river, or stood with feet close pressing the latter shore.

Then came talk of themselves, during the years they had been separated; of new ties formed, of new associations, and fairer scenes beyond their native village; for they had each visited the great world, had seen for themselves its wonders, had learned its ways, and derived therefrom each an impress for good or evil which henceforth would not leave them.

They were very unlike, these two young girls, and very different had been their lives. The elder, of wealthy parentage, like a tropical flower had ripened into womanhood, sunned by fairest skies, and kissed by softest breezes; the other, a wayside wild, had been nurtured amid wind and storm, sunshine and cloud. But flowers are beautiful, grow where they will; so also, that our fairer flowers should so early be contaminated by the atmosphere of social evils around them; that fashion and riches and honors should so often rob them of their sweetness, and as of the inspiration to goodness drawn from a young girl's life!

It was a pretty picture the sunlight made, as it lay softly upon the carpet, that pleasant afternoon, lighting up the faces of our young friends with a bright and cheerful glow, touching the dark locks of the one with its silver polish, and sprinkling the younger's with golden dust. Fair representatives of two classes in life, the rich and the poor, but each of the higher type, they sat there, mingling their common sympathies. Not perhaps because of affection; their ways had parted long ago, and the rich seldom stoop to love one in the social rank beneath them, after the days of childhood; yet sometimes, through an instinct natural to all, they are forced to acknowledge a superior merit, and to pay tribute to the kingdom of mind. This was why Sarah Morton sought her friend's companionship. Both had cultivated intellects, both loved the paths of knowledge, but in genius and talent the younger had always excelled, and won at the same time the envy and admiration of all her associates. Nor was the early promise vain. Gentle, unassuming, but self-reliant, she had pressed her way upward, through trials, often, and weariness, till now, arrived at womanhood,

she could stand proudly by the side of more highly favored ones, and feel no blush of shame. Sarah gazed at her wonderingly, as she spoke of such struggles with so bright a face, when Milly, looking playfully up, said:

"I had a dream about you, last night, Sarah."

"Of me? Pray what did you dream?"

"That I met you sitting in a splendid library looking very happy,—that tall friend of yours by your side of course—these men must always appear in a picture, to make it perfect, if not in the foreground, at a side door or under the balcony."

"Milly, you rogue!" she answered, the color deepening. "Well, what else?"

"Not much, for I awoke just then, thinking how that sometimes a dream is not all a dream, that it might turn to bright reality one of these days."

"God grant it! This was the earnest reply. 'If I had not so bright a future, life would look very dark to me.'"

"Tears came into Milly's eyes for a moment, but smiling through them she said, softly:

"Why, Sarah, the world is not so bad; it has dealt kindly with you, very kindly, I am sure."

"Yes," said Sarah, slowly. "Though my dear mother has been taken from me, and my health is gone, in a measure, I have many blessings left. Yet if I knew I must live in this quiet village all my life, I should be wretched."

"Should you? With a tender father, loving brothers and sisters, a pleasant home, kind friends, and this beautiful scenery all around you?"

"Are you sketching a second 'Sunny Side'?" Yet Milly, acknowledge that in all this there is not much to please delicate fancy, to gratify refined taste, to cultivate the mind, or satisfy the ambition."

"Partly true; yet quite untrue. Home should be the most refined spot on earth, and Nature's grand temple thrown wide open to us, here, has objects of interest infinitely superior to the finest works of art, for her most perfect works are only Nature's borrowed charms."

"It may be so, but either I cannot or I will not be satisfied here. I hope for a better destiny. I love to sit and build air-castles about the future, as beautiful and bright as a fairy dream."

"In which Sir Edward is the king of fancies, who comes to woo you, I suppose," said Milly, laughing.

"No! Yes, I will own it. You should know Edward, Milly, and then you would not blame me. He is a noble man, and it is right for me to build chateaux en Espagne, when thinking of him; but they are not all of him, though love may be their coloring."

"It's a bright color," interrupted Milly.

Sarah looked up inquiringly, just in time to see the light fade from her companion's face, and the eyelids droop; then went on:

"I love to dream away sunset hours like these. My fancies take rainbow hues, just like the clouds over there, and my future life seems glowing with happiness and joy. I think of all I will accomplish, of all I will learn, of all I will enjoy, and I can hardly wait my time. Do not you the same?" she added, a little tenderly.

"I used to," said Milly, with a returning smile, "but not now."

"Why not?"

"Because they don't repay one's time in building."

"That is not it."

"Well then, because they crumble so easily."

"How?"

"Why, we give to their construction our best thoughts, our choicest desires, our fondest hopes, the very essence of our souls, and it is not pleasant to me, after erecting such an airy edifice, to see it come tumbling down about my feet, crumbling in its fall my very life out."

"You build too much in earnest."

"I believe in being in earnest. I fear that both you and I, Sarah, though you are rich and I am not, will have to come down to the plain realities of life, ere long. It will not do to spend one's time building play houses when there is a real house to be built, and time is so brief."

"What plan would you adopt, then?"

"Ground plan," said Milly—"an opposition to our air plan. It should stand on terra firma, on a broad base, with enduring foundation, raised not in an hour, but being just the work of a life-time—this real house of mine."

"Pleasant and roomy, no doubt, but it takes so much time to build it."

"So beautiful, when finished, that you cannot afford, then, not to have built it."

"Well, what are its materials, little enthusiast?"

"Let me see—walls, of faith;—windows, of hope;—adornments, life's sweet charities. Yes, that will do. A faith so exalted that it reaches unto heaven, a hope so bright that it needs not the sun, charity so abundant that the more it gives the more it has to give. I mean simply this. We must believe in God, Sarah, and do His work, giving our hearts and our hands to it, forgetting ourselves in making others happy, in the regeneration of a fallen world."

Her face glowed while she spoke; she was in fact a conqueror, yet no one but herself knew through what a conflict she had gained such a mastery over the natural heart.

"I wish I was like you, Milly; but I must build my castles, still."

"And I must go home," returned Milly. "It is almost dark. May your beautiful day dreams not disappoint you. Good night."

Two years after, as Milly sat sewing, in her room, a friend brought the intelligence—

"Sarah Holland is dead; died yesterday very suddenly."

Milly dropped her work, and a rush of feeling swept over her. They had not met since the above conversation, for three months after, Sarah was united to him she loved, and removed to a distant city.

Milly had heard from her, occasionally, that her health was rather delicate, and had wondered whether her dreams of happiness were being realized, but had never thought that she could die. It came to her with strange power, that day, and she wept as if she had lost a dear friend.

Knowing such things—that life is so uncertain, that death may be so near, what shall we build? Bright air-castles of fancy, or temples of glory?

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it cases the jolts, and wears out, till now, arrived at womanhood,

Germany is distinguished for originating several curative systems which have become popular "all the world over." Homeopathy and hydropathy are now very generally practiced in the treatment of many diseases to which poor humanity is subject. But there is another system practiced in Germany which has not yet been generally, nor is it very widely known, but which deserves attention, as it appears to be based upon common sense principles. One reason for its practice being still limited is owing to the fact, that it cannot well be practiced but in vine-growing districts; still as there are many of these in America, it may be practical in various sections of our country. The system consists in the treatment of patients with grapes, as constituting the most of their diet for a certain period. It is also practiced with a due regard to living in a healthy and beautiful locality, and combining with this, pleasant exercise in the open air.

Durkheim on the left bank of the Rhine, in the Bavarian State of Germany, is the headquarters of the grape cure in Germany. There are other places where it is also practiced, such as at Vevay and Montreux on the Lake of Geneva, also Meran in the Tyrol, but Durkheim enjoys the most fame. The vine is cultivated to a wonderful extent in that district, but the grapes are principally used for the table, and are not so highly esteemed for making wine as some others. About fifteen different sorts of grapes are cultivated at Durkheim, but those which are most commonly used for the treatment of patients are of two sorts, called the Gutedel and the Austrian. They are both white; their skins are very thin, and they are sweet and well-flavored. The black Burgundy grape, and the small dark-red Frammer grape are also used to a moderate extent. The former is well known in America; the latter is a sweet aromatic grape, little known among us.

The Riesling grape, from which the most celebrated Rhine wines are made, is not used in the cure, as it is not held to be a good table grape. The sweetest grapes are always chosen, as an excess of acid interferes with digestion, and it affects the teeth and gums very injuriously. The acids in grapes are the tartaric, malic and citric. There are also albumen, gelatine, gum, tannin, the oxide of iron and potash in grapes. Durkheim is a fashionable watering-place, like Saratoga, where persons congregate to partake of the mineral water for the restoration of health. The grape cure season commences about the middle of the month of June, and lasts nearly to the end of October. Persons afflicted with bronchitis, pneumonia, a scrofulous constitution and tubercular consumption in its earlier stages, come to Durkheim, yearly, from all parts of Germany. It is a beautiful place, and at the castle there is a garden where the invalids congregate in the open air, and where a band of music plays at the regular hours appointed for eating the grapes. Each invalid, with a small basket in his hand, goes up to the tables where the grapes are sold, and purchases the quantity which he intends to eat. The amount taken, daily, by persons undergoing the cure varies from three to nine pounds, and they are sold for about five cents per pound. Persons commence with eating about three pounds per day, and gradually advance to the limit of their appetite. It is usual to eat them three times a day, namely, at seven in the morning with tea or coffee, and some bread for breakfast; at eleven o'clock the greatest quantity is taken; then between five and six in the afternoon the last meal is served up. The skins and seeds are not usually swallowed. Butter, eggs, pastry and spiced meats are forbidden to eat. A free use of the grape is very extensively beneficial, in the alleviation of many diseases. The action of the vegetable juices upon the human system is but very improperly understood. It is only by experience that the truth can be found out; but the use of the grape—the fruit of fruits—is so natural that the grape cure commends itself to our common sense. As the grape is becoming very extensively cultivated, in several sections of America, we expect that, at no distant day, we will have such villages among us as Durkheim. The first object to secure their success is the cultivation of the right kind of grapes.

A free use of the grape is looked upon with favor by many of the most sensible doctors in Germany. It is customary with them to send many of their patients to the grape cure districts, just as many of our physicians advise consumptive persons to seek more favorable climes in search of health.—Scientific American.

A SHORT CATECHISM FOR DEMOCRATS.

Question. Who was the General to receive negroes within his lines, and to refuse to remand them to the hands of their rebel owners?

Answer. Gen. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was among the first men to take ground in favor of confiscating rebel property, and using the negroes for military purposes?

Answer. John C. Fremont, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first military commander, under the war power, to issue a proclamation for the unconditional freedom of the slaves?

Answer. Gen. Hunter, in South Carolina, an old Democrat.

Question. Who gave orders to shoot on the spot the first man who should attempt to tear down the American flag?

Answer. Gen. John A. Dix, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first to tear down the flag?

Answer. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first to tear down the flag?

Answer. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first to tear down the flag?

Answer. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first to tear down the flag?

Answer. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.

Question. Who was the first to tear down the flag?

Answer. Gen. Benj. F. Butler, a Democrat.

of our lives shall supply good and useful examples to our kind; but to few is it given to spend their days. Of course, the simple truth is that these pearls of biography are much overpriced. It is a "Gospel of Biography" that is placed before us. Even youthful readers very soon find out that they are being imposed upon by sham histories. When the laudation of the deceased is not so excessive as in these instances, the biographer often falls into a trick of praising indiscriminately, unconscious of the fact that he is completely defeating his own purpose by awakening distrust in the minds of his readers.

It requires great tact and discretion to write a eulogistic biography, without doing injury to its subject, and bringing discredit on the writer. There is a great deal of ill nature in the world, and though most men are very ready to give credence to evil statements concerning each other, they receive with suspicion stories of extraordinary virtues. This may arise from the self-knowledge which teaches us that it is easier to preach of goodness than to practice it, and to do evil than good; but it should also teach biographers to be moderate and discriminating in their praise. A just appreciation of character, and a judicious calmness in bringing together the fruits of research, are essential to the successful completion of any life story.

Many writers have an appreciation of the good qualities of their heroes, exclusively. It is clear that only a person of the very first ability, and with large experience and extended observation of life, can write a biography which shall be worthy of a great man. That rare gift, a command of true paths, natural and touching as it ever must be in its development, is absent in some who have otherwise discharged their tasks well. The last days of Burke, shrouded in an impenetrable gloom by the death of his son; the closing scene in the life of that great and good man, Dr. Johnson, well high in his solemnity; the melancholy end of Swift, and the pathetic incidents in the lives of many other famous men, have never yet been told in an impressive manner. It is not an easy matter to construct a narrative which shall be true and yet interesting. In some cases it is scarcely possible to let the actions of the subject of the memoir speak for him—let, wherever practicable, that the simplest and wisest course to adopt. Men of thought, and not of action, cannot be so written. "Lives" illustrate the true method of treating biographies of this class. And as an example of a model in the art of writing biographies of those whose achievements were great and splendid, Southey's "Nelson" should be read and pondered over by all who would have their writings ranked on an equality with that noble tribute to a great man—London Review.

While reading the foregoing, we were led to inquire how it happened that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John succeeded in writing their four separate biographies of one person, and each writer accomplished what no writer ever did, either before or afterwards, portraying, artlessly, and without fulsome eulogy, an absolutely faultless character, in contrast with the other subjects of sacred biography, Old and New Testament saints, whose sins and blemishes are faithfully recorded. Are there no marks of divine inspiration in all this?

MARRIED LIFE.

The following beautiful and true sentiments are from the pen of Frederika Bremer:

"I have never known a single life more in great. One little single life before me, disturbed a whole married life. A small cause has often great consequences. Folly not the arms together and sit idle. 'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own health is more worth than gold."

Many a marriage, my friends, begins like a snow storm, and then falls away like a snow storm. And why my friends, because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always, my children, to please one another; but at the same time, keep God in your thoughts. Lash not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow, and its day after to-morrow, and its day after that.

"Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter." Consider, my daughters, what the world's eyes express. The married woman is her husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to confide home and family; be able to entrust her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her wing; his well-being is in her hand. Think of this!

And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you."

OUTSIDE THE PATH.

An incident is related in the "Life" of the late President Smith, of the Vermont University, showing his manner of proof, which illustrates a truth well worth knowing, for the benefit of others than the readers of the memoir.

A young man recently converted, was subject to great depression of spirits. Dr. Smith inquired of him how he was getting along. He replied that he found the Christian path a thorny one. "The thorns," said Dr. Smith, "are outside the path, believe."

"Outside the path," said the worldly-minded man, whose attention is inordinately engrossed in his toils and gains, strive to serve both God and Mammon, and he will doubtless find thorns in his path ever choking the good seed of truth.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

A number of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions, and among others it was asked how the command to pray without ceasing could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length, one of the number was appointed to write upon it, and read it at the next meeting; which being overheard by a plain sensible servant girl, she exclaimed, "What a whole month wasted to tell the meaning of that text? It is a limited supply of dust as able discourse, in tract form, in our hands. Those who wish for copies should send me a letter."

Pack 2 cents each. Postage—One cent will cover either one, two or three copies. One cent is paid by the sender in the letter, and the other in the envelope, and for this an additional cent should be enclosed.

THE NATIONALITIES.

"Their origin, elements, mission, responsibilities, duties and destinies."—A Discourse by Wm. Goodell (Published in the Principia of Dec. 7) is now on sale in Tract form at our office, in packages only, as follows:

By mail, postage prepaid. Delivered at the Office. Single copies, 15 cts. 5 copies for 75 cts. 10 " " 1.50 20 " " 3.00 50 " " 7.50 100 " " 15.00

No orders received for less than 5 copies by mail, and to one address, in packages as above, to cover postage.

GOD'S WAY OF CRUSHING THE REBELLION.

A sermon by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D., preached in the Church of the Puritans, Sept. 29, 1861, from Isaiah 58, 6.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

A limited supply of this able discourse, in tract form, in our hands. Those who wish for copies should send me a letter.